

English 210: Writing Autobiography  
Assignment Schedule

February

x 8: 2 pp.

x 15: 10pp.

March

*bullet*  
x 1: 10pp.

*bullet*  
x 15: 10pp.

April

✓ 5: 10pp.

x 19: 10pp.

May 10:

Completed essay -- final draft -- from  
all previous materials.

17: Last day of class.

All assignments must be double-spaced, typed, handed in in a  
folder with student's name on it.



C102

ENG210A

2-6-78

11:10

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Office M 12-3 W 12-3

T 11-1 Th 11-1

KRONKO - AUTOBLOG.

① selection of topic →

Attention! called at work

② tone of story →

- Historical distance consistency of grammar

- ~~Business~~ prose - normality specificity of incident

one hr. a day →

① experience →

(point of view)

② Attitude towards experience -

ASSIGNMENT

write description of one event  
two pgs.

specific



Early music:

① "Do you know the Word"

① Lyman reaction

② Butair

③ Jini

④ Reaction

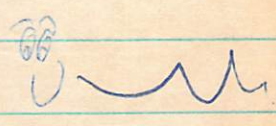
⑤ "How can I" (For You, O Lord)

When you use a lot of  
as adjectives/adverbs - you're  
avoiding dramatization

honesty in writing:-



Alas the rain. Here I am stuck in the library because  
of the ... blessed rain. I really wanted to write this story in a  
more <sup>comfortable</sup> setting. But alas if it were not for the rain the  
reality of the story that I am about to tell might not  
be so vivid.

Francis - car big thing, small things  
CMU of the Financial Council  
25 # { Refrig. 25  
Food yours!   
reprieve - check from home  
running - cramp  
study room - warped doors  
ride, store: "Ah I'll walk home"  
eyes bigger than my hand  
- RAIN! -

1 block 2 overstuffed bags - ug.  
2 block - torture  
2 1/2 blocks - hitchhike - RAIN

15 minute ho-hum 30 min. br-r-r

1 hr. wet bag 1:15 hr alas a lass  
the back of a Pinto run about - no worry  
the strength of wet overstuffed shopping bags  
- no hunger -

she - he - they  
her - him - them



## I Intro -

A. Dialogue

B. RAIN

## II Body -

A. Search For Food

- 1. Prehistoric Hunter

- 2. Modern Shopper

B. Transportation

1. Foot - ~~journeys~~

a. journeys

b. time

2. Car

C My story - Search ~~for~~ Food

1. The Store  $\swarrow$

a. shopping hungry

b. ~~big~~ bag bags

2. Pain - Transportation

a. "it's not that far"

b. overstuffed bags + rain + distance = pain  
in arms

c. Nobody would pick me up.

Attitude: things haven't  
changed



"An! don't want to get wet."

"Well, you're gonna have to go out there some time."

"~~Doesn't~~ <sup>let up</sup> Doesn't look like it's going to, does it?"

"Nope."

as it alighted ~~down~~ upon

exile The rain danced <sup>on</sup> the concrete walkways. And here I was caught with the decision to either remain here in at the Campus library ~~held captive against my own will~~ or attempted a heroic escape with only my sweater and three borrowed books to protect me.

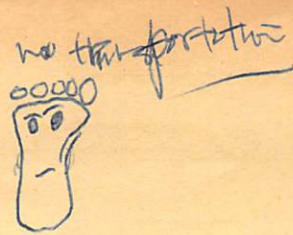
"Well... the library won't <sup>be</sup> closing <sup>until</sup> eleven..."

The rain and I have always had a very full relationship. In fact just last year we spent a whole day frolicking (at least he was) on 86th ~~of~~ somewhere between Van's supermarket and Loyola. ~~I was new here at LAU and~~

~~it was the experience of being "On-your-own." <sup>was</sup> I was not used to not having someone call me to dinner or <sup>not hearing</sup> the ~~alarm~~ mightily ~~turn out~~ that light and go to bed!!" (I actually stayed awake until six in the morning before I realized that no one was going to call me to bed).~~

~~was something I needed to get used to. One of my first experiences in this new realm of reality dealt with ~~the~~ the hideous chore of "going to the supermarket."~~ on that ~~fatal~~ <sup>faced</sup> day in September





Supermarket that was  
"just down the street."

At the time I was new here at L.M.O. and  
It began that fateful morning in September with a surge  
of ~~hunger pangs~~ hunger pangs that most ~~staring~~ smart college  
students experience (I say "smart" because ~~the~~ most ~~smart~~ <sup>smart</sup> ~~local~~ <sup>local</sup>  
college students ~~choose to~~ <sup>would rather</sup> starve than to eat at the ~~campus~~ <sup>quest for food led me to</sup>  
crematorium in the Terrace Room). My ~~organization~~ <sup>quest for food led me to</sup>  
~~my second~~ <sup>my second</sup> ~~supermarket~~ <sup>supermarket</sup> ~~would have been less than~~ <sup>would have been less than</sup> ~~uninvited guests~~ <sup>uninvited guests</sup> ~~that tragedy~~ <sup>that tragedy</sup> ~~had it~~ <sup>had it</sup>  
not been for ~~three~~ <sup>three</sup> ~~friends~~ <sup>friends</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~goes~~ <sup>goes</sup>  
by the name of No Transportation (Alias, No Car). I've known  
this critter for many years now; nonetheless my feet and  
N.T. for obvious reasons, ~~do~~ <sup>do</sup> not ~~enjoy~~ <sup>enjoy</sup> each other's  
company. My second guest was with ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> day. He is called  
Famine Warnings.

Nonetheless, Being one of the few Southern California without a  
car, my kind roommate ~~Ben~~ <sup>Ben</sup> gave me a ride to the  
supermarket. ~~As~~ <sup>As</sup> he roared off I remember his prophetic  
warning, "I'm going to ~~the~~ Fox Hills Mall! I don't know when I'll  
be back" (i.e. "Find your own way home"). I gave his  
<sup>very</sup> warning little thought as I entered the establishment, seeking  
to satisfy my primal appetites.

Alas, observe the hungry student thoughtlessly filling his shopping  
cart ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup>; its wheels screaming because of the weight. Behold  
the unfortunate shoppers forming a serpentine line behind the  
student at the checkstand as they scream because of the



#  
wait. Having recently completed a two year stint as a boxboy I meticulously observed the boxboy's show ~~his~~<sup>of</sup> skill and coordination. (It was a very short show). His four bags of groceries I soon converted <sup>in</sup> to two bags. ~~to the bags were a little overstuffed,~~  
Saddling the bags, one in each arm, I thought to myself,  
"So the bags are a little overstuffed. Twenty-five pounds ~~each~~  
each isn't too bad. I mean, it's not that far to walk."

As I left the supermarket I became only too aware of the little down pour of rain that had begun. I gave the rain little thought because ~~when~~<sup>while</sup> my arms ~~were~~<sup>is</sup> explaining to me what the virtues of modern transportation. But like a persistent friend ~~persistently~~<sup>persistently</sup> pounding on the front door in the middle of the night the rain made its ~~presence~~<sup>presence</sup> known. I couldn't believe it. I had carried these bags for little over a block and my arms were already talking about quitting. But being a man of strong will I was determined to make it back to Loyola. I wanted to cry.

Cresting the first hill (Lord knows how many hills followed) I observed the incompatibility of paper bags and rain. A quick decision was needed. ~~What~~<sup>What</sup> ~~was~~<sup>was</sup> I going to do about my ~~disintegrating~~<sup>disintegrating</sup> bags; not to mention my overburdened arms and soaking wet body? By now it was too late for me to turn back and I certainly wasn't not going to make it to Loyola. So I decided to stop a little



~~First~~ ended up stopping under a large leafy tree and trying to hitchhike.

I soon realized that there were not very many people that ~~were~~ were going to stop and pick up a long-haired hitchhiker (complete with flared overalls and ~~jeans~~ patches) in the rain.

As my bags got wetter I began <sup>to</sup> playing a game called "Trying to establish eye contact with the would-be driver." This game ~~was~~ ~~does~~ one of two things: ~~either~~ upon establishing eye contact the driver will either feel sorry for you and offer a ride or get into an accident because he is too busy staring at the long-haired hitch-hiker to be watching the road. I <sup>was</sup> losing the game rather decisively. They would not even establish eye contact! But alas, ~~was~~ compassionate LNU student saw my plight and offered me a ride. So I picked up my crippled shopping bags and climbed into the back of this little <sup>green</sup> Pinto runabout. "Crippled" was really not <sup>the</sup> way to describe my bags. They had been in the rain for a little over an hour and upon arriving at Loyola they proceeded to split open all over the poor little Pinto. Well, by the time I arrived safe and sound, complete with groceries, I began to wonder what went wrong.

I mean I like the rain. It gives me a cozy feeling like snuggling up to a nice lit fireplace.



with ~~warm~~ a warm cup of tea and a friend. But some  
now I don't think ~~that~~ the feeling is mutual

MY FRIEND THE RAIN  
↑

2-8-78



ENZIOA

2-8-78

Caron

goes thru 3 points: ① ~~Distance~~

② Adult language on incident

(3) " " " or ided

2-13-78

Problem: - presenting rather than describing it  
- generalities -

analogy - kept up.

- no telegraph needed -

no enollid tie -

- disappointed -

- tighten the prose - not forceful enough;

no connection between 1st & 2nd paragraph.

- lead-in is too indirect

grammatical error (dangse-)

carrying metaphors -- personification through

- Rd. Joyce Manord 341 pp.



To you Lord Jesus I dedicate this essay. Be glory  
& honor given to your name - forever may my  
heart seek its rightful place beside you.

& ~~the~~

My mine is a generation of change. <sup>(seekers)</sup> Martin Luther

~~King~~, Something like the Greek civilization around the  
6<sup>th</sup> century BC. ~~leisure~~ Leisure. With less time spent  
a broad-winning and more goals set. ~~the~~ peace  
of the climbs on an up ward spiral. So minds  
begin to contemplate. In the last fifty years the catalyst  
for thought was mankind's insane desire to liquidate  
himself. Now, the ~~the~~ times may have changed --  
&  
~~the~~ ~~was~~ no "war" but no real peace, less poverty  
but no real wealth, less flux but no real stability.



As I was going up the militant activist became  
the establishment and the apathetic.

1 Events: searching - Athletics  
- acceptance - dances - personal contact failures

totally different story - God  
world upbringing - awesome - distinct God  
God in the root -

What am I going to do?



Joseph Bruce Edward Bustillos,

Hi! How are you? I am fine. Sound like a typical intro.? Well if you think it is you're absolutely right.

Right now I'm sitting next to you at Kathie's house watching the Martin Luther King special with you and your family.

Well that's the end of this giant letter. Sorry I used so much paper. "

I love you,

love,

Me - Peg's




2/15/78

- active part -

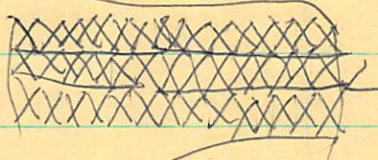
- recalling images



\*  very general - w/ the illusion of particularity

{  
drek - junk  
enough dramatization  
enough particulars so  
that at the end the generalizations are justified  
2/20/78

grammar



don't ~~you~~ use "life style"



## Baptism & the Holy spirit

- desire to be pure in God's sight -- no cause of reproach from my folks.
- free gift that I couldn't work for - no sweat.
- powerful to overcome sin - as opposed to my own weakness
- changed me from the inside out -
- more than just "God conscious" but "Father, loving Father conscious."
- foolishness of religion - "kuddies" to adults a tutor to bring us to an understanding but not a life long companion - need to go on!

consciousness of complexity - vs. - desire for simplicity

consciousness of sinfulness - vs. - desire to be pure  
they say "seek" I sought & found the system I  
wanted (lacking).

they say "you're an adult now" "adult" seems to mean  
it was the same ~~decision~~ decisions that they've made

- 5<sup>th</sup> communion class

- 8<sup>th</sup> grade confirmation

- more - my friends sex and all the things



2-22-78

consistency - wordiness

= Theorie

= "the artist is the person that must  
perform a stop step on him self.  
attention to all points

repetition.

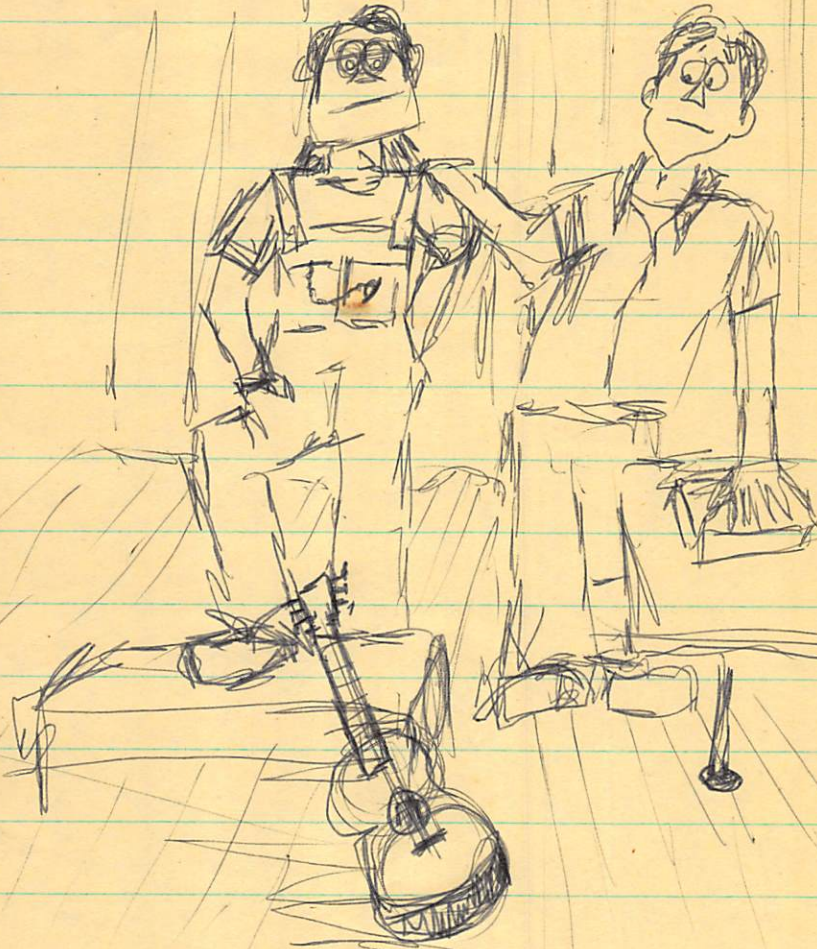


" ' No longer do I call you slaves; for the slave does not know what his master is doing; but I call you friends, for all things that I have heard from My Father I have made known to you. ' Can Someone tell me what this means? ' Gray looked around the room at our empty stores. " well, hopefully by the end of this month some of you will ~~be~~ understand this passage. Any way... " I was ~~supr~~ surprised that he was not persistent with his question. He passed on to the next subject like nothing had happened. #



March 6, 1978

Dramatized



A. Nature its

Personal discussion w/o irony or corniness



Sister Mary Holywater  
and friends

that I had been taught.  
Bible Study - ① boring  
② I wonder

③ To you a promise made  
At home ① the Radio -  
② mom  
③ my friends

cheer acem  
cheer achem  
acem  
reham  
cham

14  
5  
9  
17  
19  
12  
7

① 5th grade communion

- ① Sister Mary Holywater - draw pictures & good
- ② Prayers
- ③ gifts

② 8th grade confirmation

decipher  
decipher decipher

- ① 8th grade retreat: incarceration
- ② a slap of the face
- ③ more gifts

③ 'You're an adult now'

④ Bible study

- ① Right & Wrong
- ② Experimenting/Ed
- ③ getting caught

- ① what am I doing here?
- ② getting use to tongues
- ③ The Gift

④ Retreats

⑤ Black & White

① "hey it's all right" <sup>God, consequences</sup>

① Friends in & out

② post-retreat let-down

② Not just "God-conscious" but  
"Father, loving Father conscious."

③ on your own

③ Romans 8: 28

Festivals

4 -  
1  
2  
3



1. Retreat meeting
  - A. Dialogue - Greg
  - B. Reasons - "Mick"
2. The Nature of High School CCD
  - A. Commitment
  - B. Social Gathering
3. Growing up
  - A. Lessons learned
  - B. Results
4. Retreat
  - A. Uneventful except.
  - B. Freedom
5. Reality vs desires
  - A. Involvement
  - B. Ed → Jim (Rock & Roll)
6. Greg & Bible Studies
  - A. Coping w/ tongues
  - B. Desire of Freedom
7. 2nd Retreat
  - A. ~~Sitting~~ Sitting back watching
  - B. Freedom
8. The Day After Patm Sunday
  - A. The Mortal coil
  - B. Freedom.



"Have you read today's lesson?"

"yes I have sister! I had ~~just~~ glanced at it five minutes before the interview.

recite

Right "Alright then, hand me your book and for me the Our Father."

"uh ... Our Father ... who art ... in heaven ...  
uh ... hallow bee ... uh, uh ..."

"Thy name."

"Right! Thy name, uh ... uh Thy kingdom come ...

Thy ... uh ... uh ... Thy"

"Thy will be done!"

"uh ... right! Thy will be done ... uh ... uh ...

~~I was beginning to panic~~

"On -"

"on earth as it is in heaven!"

As I wiped the cold sweat from my brow I avoided

Sister's glance hoping that she would not be able to

read from my eyes that I had not read this week's

lesson.

"Young man, are you sure that you read this week's lesson?"



But ~~some~~ how she was on to my tricks.

"Yes sister!" I said cheerfully.

"Alright then recite for me the Hail Mary."

my smile broke and the cold sweat began to reappear.

"Hail ... ~~mary~~ mar -- ry .. full of ...

grace .. hollow bee thy name .. opps!

Ah .. I mean .. ah the word is with thee!"  
(sigh)

"Yes? continue."

"Huh? Oh .. uh Blessed art thou ... among ... women  
and uh blessed are the ... fruits of ... when thy  
womb, Jesus ... ~~mother~~ ..."

"~~That's it~~" "Okay now, what do these prayers mean?"  
~~But~~ I cannot believe, here I am just a <sup>second</sup> ~~fifth~~ grader  
who can barely recite these things and she wants me  
to explain their theological significance. This woman is  
really out to ~~get~~ <sup>get</sup> me.

"You mean that you can't tell me what they <sup>mean</sup> ~~are~~?"

"Ah, no sister ... I mean yes sister -"

"Well then ~~what~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~you~~ ... she began to scribble  
scribble something on my book -", "When you get



howe show this to your mother."

Damn those nuns. She wrote the note in hand ~~a~~ writing. She knows I can not read hand writing.

When I got home I <sup>showed</sup> ~~gave~~ the note to my mom. She got a very disappointed look on her face and just shook her head. This class was suppose to prepare me for my first holy communion but ~~in~~ what it really was ~~giving~~ was causing a lot of heart ache for my mom. All the other years that I had been in C.C.D. all we had to do was listen to dumb stories about some guy with this boat full of animals that got swallowed by a whale and draw pictures of God. But now we had to learn prayers and ceremonies and with nuns! Ha to all you <sup>parochial</sup> ~~parochial~~ school kids! I had only one year with nuns, that being only once a week and that almost ruined me. And what was worse was that we also had to go <sup>to our first</sup> ~~to our~~ Confession too!

Why would anyone stick a scared <sup>seven</sup> ~~seven~~ year old in a dark box to talk to a stranger about things that we could not even share with his best friend is beyond me.

"Bless me Father for I have sinned. It has been sh... oh yeah ... this is my first confession."

"Continue."

"sh sh. These are my sins: I lied to my mom and my dad. I broke my little brother's bow and arrow



and told mom that ~~figg~~ my sister Joyce had done it."

"Anything else?"

"Nope." I did not tell him about me wetting my pants and then throwing up under ~~the~~ away.

"Well then..." The man proceeded to rattle off some prayer so fast that to this day I have yet to decipher ~~which~~ <sup>what</sup> language it is in.

Amen.

"Your penance is to say four Our Fathers and six Hail Marys." Not more ~~many~~ <sup>walked</sup> Our Fathers and Hail Marys! Oh well, I ~~went~~ ~~and~~ ~~set~~ <sup>walked</sup> out the dark box, knelt in the empty church, prayed to the invisible God and <sup>then</sup> went home to tell my brother about the Penance in the box.

in the box.

~~And~~ A week ~~later~~ later I found myself ~~there~~ <sup>being</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>squirmy</sup> a hundred ~~draggled~~ <sup>up</sup> seconds graders ~~in front~~ <sup>1000</sup> at the church. The ~~nuns~~ <sup>nuns</sup> had reserved the ~~entire~~ <sup>front</sup> being herded into a processional line. The ~~nuns~~ <sup>nuns</sup> had reserved the front pews for us.

A week later I found myself and a hundred other squirming second graders being herded into a processional line for our first Holy Communion. The head nun, Sister Mary (why are all nuns named Mary?), addressed us:



"Now boys and girls, your mothers and Fathers ~~are~~ going to be very proud <sup>of you</sup> when they see you march up to the front of the church, so please stay in line and do not converse with one another. Remember that the little Lord ~~is~~ "Sister!" A boy ~~threw~~ ahead of me in line <sup>was waving</sup> his hand in the air and frantically jumping up and down."

"~~Sister~~ Sister Teresa, please take little William to the bathroom?"

We all giggled and pointed at the puddle <sup>which</sup> ~~was where~~ William was standing in.

"Now boys and girls, remember that the little Lord Jesus is in the church and he is waiting for you to receive him in the host. This reminds me of what Mother Teresa of Calcutta used to say to her ~~own~~ congregation of nuns when they used to walk through the streets of that God-forsaken city. She used to say ... It suddenly occurred to me why the nuns waited us to ~~start~~ be here an hour and a half early."

"Okay now, Father is waiting for us in front of the church." So let's <sup>walk</sup> ~~go~~ in. Remember two lines!" So we all began to file into the church. By this



time most of the adults, including Father Patrick O'Donnell, were leaning on their elbows, and the weight of boredom causing ~~many faces~~ <sup>disfigure their faces</sup> to them ~~from below~~, like ~~puffy~~ puffy little pigs. We sat in the first rows of the church, boys on one side and girls on the other. And for most of the service my friend and I played "paper - scissors - ~~stone~~ stone." But when the time <sup>came</sup> to receive communion ~~and~~ ~~came~~, having missed our ~~own~~ cue to stand up, we were prompted by sister's loud ~~noise~~ cough.

Kneeling before the altar there was a certain sense of awe as this grey old man with the gold cup placed a white piece of paper on our outstretched ~~hands~~ <sup>things</sup> something like "Body-cry" tongues while chanting something like "Body-cry." Those of <sup>us</sup> that remembered the magic word that gave us the power to ~~return~~ return to our seats ("no not" please", that is the mistake that my friend made. He said please after receiving the host and could not get up until he remembered to say "Amen". He was still <sup>up</sup> there when we left the church) we were instructed to kneel and pray with our faces in our hands, thanking God for our teachers and ~~parents~~ <sup>parents</sup>. Anyone that dared to look God straight in the face while praying ~~to him~~ would be struck dead. Luckily God was not looking in my direction <sup>when</sup> ~~we~~ I peeked



it run through my fingers.

& the church

When mass was over we fled ~~out~~ amidst flashing cameras and crying mothers. At home there was cake and punch and a gift from my God-parents. I worried a little ~~to~~ bit that Jesus might not enjoy the company of the cake and punch being in my stomach <sup>seeing as</sup> ~~as~~ he was there first. But it did not seem to bother him.

A week later ~~and~~ life was back to normal. ~~as my~~ <sup>at church</sup> we found our usual place, standing <sup>in</sup> back ~~at the~~ church because we were late. My brother and I went back to our game ~~it~~ called "leaning tower of Pisa." Each of us ~~would~~ would stand with <sup>our legs</sup> legs together and lean in every direction like a top that <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ running out at speed. The object of the game was to see who could lean the farthest in any direction without fall<sup>ing</sup> down. My brother usually lost.

This was the extent of my religious life. I was too busy dreaming about becoming an astronaut or some great football player to bother. And no one really seemed to care; that is until I reached the eighth grade.

~~In the eighth grade there was a sudden burst of energy being exhibited in our teachers' concentrated effort to educate us "young adults." One would think that in eight years we would understand what all this~~



religiosity meant.

In the eighth grade we were all poured into <sup>one</sup> ~~an~~ large group where we had "rap" sessions. I ~~still~~ <sup>was</sup> still not ~~sure~~ <sup>sure</sup> what "rap" means. And to divert these weekly excursions into the obscurity we were given an eighth <sup>grade</sup> retreat.

The retreat was ~~to~~ <sup>supposed</sup> to prepare us for Confirmation. They wanted us to become committed Catholic young men and women.

"What we would like for you to do is pair off into groups of two and ... Everybody got out of their seats and started walking around. I ended up with my best friend. "And please make sure the person that you're with is a close friend." My friend & I looked at each other ~~for~~ <sup>while</sup> while everybody else got up and changed partners.

Shaking his head I said with a poor English accent, "Why, it is a pleasure to meet you, Master Edward. My name is ..."

"Please introduce yourself to your partner and then we will give ~~each~~ you five minutes to ask your partner these questions: what is your favorite color, <sup>and why</sup>, what is your favorite season and why, and what is your favorite food and why? And after you have asked these three questions ~~your~~ <sup>your</sup> partner will have







How we say one thing and do another. Well, many of those points are well-taken; I mean, your right about the hypocrisy and phoniness of my generation, in many instances. But all ~~that~~ I hear coming from you is just talk. Talk, that's it!

You'll be the first to point out that we preach the righteousness & the declaration of independence: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal...' But <sup>at the same time</sup> we allow <sup>the</sup> blacks, <sup>the</sup> mexicans, and the original Americans, the Indians to be discriminated against, almost persecuted. But <sup>again all I hear is just</sup> ~~that~~ talk.

Okay, there is an opportunity for you to do something about this hypocrisy, the hypocrisy in church as well as in the society. In two weeks we're going to be administering the sacrament of confirmation. Now most of you were intending on showing up because 'mommy and daddy' want ~~to~~ you to <sup>show up</sup> and that's good, you should want to please your folks. But if that is your only reason for attending then you're going to miss a lot of significance that this sacrament can hold for you.

God has sent his Holy Spirit into this world so that we as Catholics will be able to live a good life, just as the gospel says: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, because you love one another." And we, meaning you and me, are going to get rid of the hypocrisy



in the world then we're going to have to start by ~~it~~  
illuminating the phenomenon in our own lives. To do  
is we need the Holy Spirit. " ~~it was~~

It was a nice talk that really kept our attention,  
but when I left I could not help be feeling like all I  
had <sup>received</sup> was words ~~not~~

Two weeks. I found myself in church, in same  
front rows, with basically the same people ~~surrounding~~ <sup>the same</sup>  
me. There was Father O'Donnell up at the pulpit giving ~~a~~  
long winded <sup>sermons</sup> ~~speeches~~. We in the meantime were trying to  
decide which girl was the "Foxiest". Later we decided that  
the girl that slipped on her way down from the altar showed  
the most potential. The sign of the cross, a light tap of the  
cheek by the bishop, and back to my seat <sup>I want</sup> to pray with  
my face in my hands. ~~still~~

When mass was over there was the same array of ~~canon~~  
Flashbombs and the weeping mothers. And at home more cake  
and punch and a gift from my God-parents. Only this  
time I did not worry <sup>about whether</sup> ~~if~~ Jesus or the Holy Spirit enjoyed the  
company of my cake ~~and~~ punch because if they were there  
I did ~~not~~ <sup>know</sup> it.



But it doesn't matter to me now  
cause I've been to the mountain top  
I " seen the promised land

Freedom. I remember when I was a young boy  
my mom used to say to me, "You can't go out &  
play until you pick up this room." And I would turn, looking  
at the walls, the unmade bed, an array of toys on the floor,  
under the bed, in the bedroom let me just say that this  
mess was not going to disappear with the twinkling of an  
eye. I sat down on my disheveled bed and looked out  
my bedroom window ~~to~~ to our backyard. ~~There~~ The  
alluring ~~and~~ piles of sand and the crumbling  
metropolis that I had built the day before were



beckoning me to join~~ing~~ them. ~~But~~ H did not take much  
common sense for me to see that the job by far out-  
weighed the reward.



~~XXXXXXXXXX~~~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

my oldest sister, Kathie, is a part-time singer and a full time housewife. My other sister, Mueh, is a photographer and works part-time at the local high school as a tutor in the math department. My little brother, Matt, is a potential scientist. The baby of the family, Joyce, is like any other high school sophomore, pretty much undecided, "Giggle, giggle." Myself? well I ended up (so far) as a songwriter and an amateur musician.

~~Being a songwriter~~

It is not as if I have always wanted to be a songwriter, but music ~~was~~ has always been a part in my life.



housewife  
(part-time) full & full-time  
my oldest sister, Katnie, is a singer. My brother,  
Matt, is a scientist. My other sister, Mich, is a  
photographer and teacher at a Day-care center.  
The baby of the family, Joyce, is like my other high  
school sophomore, pretty much undecided, "giggle-  
giggle." Myself, well I ended up as a songwriter  
and country musician.

It is not as if I have always wanted to be  
a songwriter (when I was around 10 I wanted to  
be an astronaut, but when NASA ~~did~~ failed to answer my  
application I figured it was their loss).



Dialogue

I. Meeting

A. Corey Wallace -

B. Growing up - Who am I?

Description

II. Moral Condition

A. Man -

B. Free 'God-conscious'

Dialogue

III. Retreat

A. God -

B. The Commandments

Description

IV. On Your Own

A. Me - Lynn

B. trying

comp.

V. The Gift

A. God

B. Really Free - "Father, loving Father conscious"

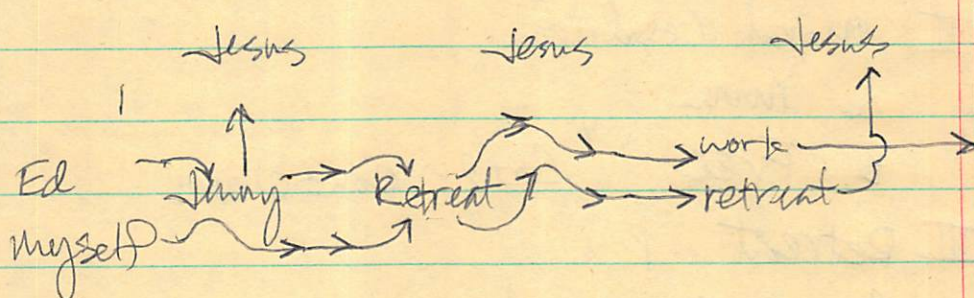
EX EX qua

(Breath of the Bible J.V. McGehee)  
Heaven and Home hr. March Book Offer

P.O. 100  
Glen Dale Cal.

Isabel 65: 91209





Let you go  
what I  
mean



Like a foolish dreamer  
Trying to build a highway to the sky  
All my hopes would come tumblin' down  
And I never know just why  
Until today when you pulled away ~~the~~  
those clouds that hang  
like curtains on my eyes  
Well I've been blind all these wasted  
years & I thought I was so wise  
but then you took me by surprise!

I. Meeting

II. Moral Condition

III. The Retreat



At the young age of 15 I was caught in  
a little bit of a stalemate

The first major shock that I experience when  
I ~~started~~ entered LNU was how ~~the~~ sexually oriented  
society. Over the last few years my home life was  
basically religiously oriented. But even that was  
second to sports (my dad would have nothing to do  
with

March 3

pp. 282 & pp. 315

people

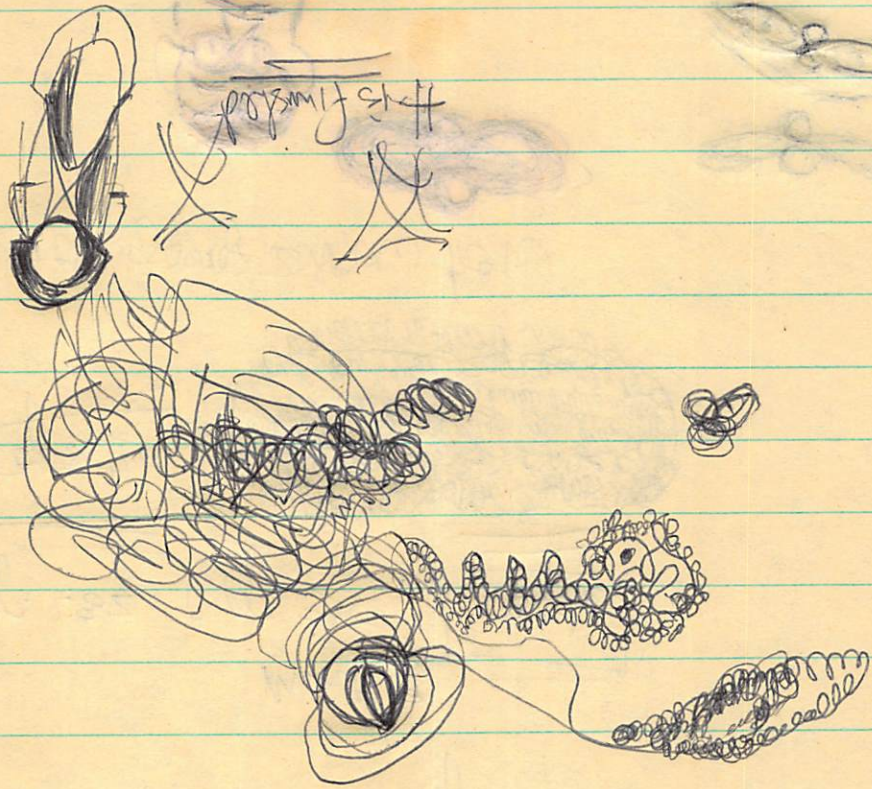
proportion



I am now going to know how









lot. ~~1220~~ : no

✓ writing sentence

Harmon: well defined notions  
"my past was not in"

"my first was not a kin"

★ ~~Walking toward~~ last period class I saw my best friend across my locker after ~~my~~ ~~my~~ photo was not a value the person was a.

Hey Ed, have you heard about Jerry?

"What?" "Have you heard about Jerry?"

1 ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> hanging out with the Jesus Freaks  
at school lunch and stuff."

"So?"

So... ~~well~~ I thought you might be interested.

He turned away ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> stuffed his ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> some sand up the back of ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> pants ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> not to care. He ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~care~~ <sup>care</sup>

I had fought over her since we first met her at the 8th grade graduation dance. I'd went out with her all that summer. ~~At the time~~ But when the fall came, she decided that ~~she had had enough~~ she needed a change.

"will you talk to her for me?"

I was caught off guard. "Yeah... sure... About what?"

"You know, about as well about us."

"us?"

"You know, about her and I."

" Oh, You had me worried here for a moment. "



We ~~waited~~ ~~and~~ closed our lockers and headed back over towards the senior lawn. Ed tapped my shoulder and pointed ~~at~~ ~~to~~ at the "local" J.F.'s "as ~~we~~ ~~were~~ passed the senior lawn.

"Okay, I'll talk to her."

*They were sitting in a circle and they appeared rather nervous to me.* They looked like any other ~~group~~ ~~group~~ group of high school kids except for their ever-present "plastic" smile, as a parish priest once pointed out to me. *They were gathered in a circle with one mother singing songs and being really chummy; they seemed pretty harmless to me.*

"Lenny?"

"Oh, hi Joe."

"Hi, whatcha doin'?"

"Not a whole lot, whatcha up to?"

"I just came to see ~~see~~ ~~is~~ <sup>to</sup> ... wh... whatcha readin'?"

"Oh, the Bible. Whatcha hear?"

"Well, no, not real ..."

"This is something I read this morning. It's in John chapter fifteen: #

This is My commandment that you love one another, just as I have ~~love~~ loved you. Greater love has no one ~~that~~ than this, that one lay down his ~~life~~ life for his friends. You are my friends, if you do what I command you. No longer do I call you slaves; for the slave does not know what his master is



doing; but I have called you friends, for all things  
that I have heard from my Father I have made  
known to you." (Jn. 15:12-15)

"That's nice. I kinda wanted to ~~talk~~ to you..."

"Are you Jesus' friend Joe?"

"...uh... well, actually I came to talk to you  
about..."

"You know you're changing your subject!"

→ "Joe, it isn't that bad. Why don't you give them a  
chance. There's nothing wrong with becoming a Christian."

→ "Listen Joe, I'm already a Christian, I go to church  
and stuff so don't worry. I came to talk to you about..."

"It's not the same!"

"I came to talk about Ed! He still really likes you!"

Perhaps she wanted to tell me that she felt ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> same with a word ~~look~~ <sup>she lowered her voice and began to scan through the grass for a thought she</sup> <sup>had dropped,</sup>

"Oh, <sup>he</sup> Did he say that himself?"

"No, but he <sup>it</sup> oh forget it!" <sup>she gave me an</sup> <sup>she got up and left her</sup>

about being <sup>seemed to notice, they just continued singing with their arms</sup>

her lips did <sup>around each other, swaying to the music</sup> <sup>back and forth.</sup> I'm glad

make a sound that Ed did not wait for me.

as I got up and left. <sup>Johnny and I</sup> <sup>He's not the same "Christianity"</sup>

could never understand her. One time at a high school

C.C.D meeting <sup>a friend</sup> <sup>Ed</sup> asked the priest what he felt about

the "Jesus Freaks." (This was back in 1972 when the "Jesus

movement" <sup>was first beginning</sup> <sup>had just begun to</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>coming</sup> at Bon Laguna Beach and into



mission Viejo). He said ~~rather~~ vaguely, that he felt that "They're pretty good people but they limit themselves too much by identifying themselves with the title 'Jesus Freak' or 'Jesus ~~Person~~ Person'." I know some people that, after six years, are still trying to figure out what he meant.

types

These retreats were given by a group of laymen  
volunteers from the ~~the~~ out of the secondary education department  
of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles. They were held in the  
San Bernardino mountains. We told ~~that~~<sup>were</sup> this ~~typical~~<sup>retreat</sup> &  
~~was~~ different from all your pre-conceived ideas.  
So it did not shock us when we found out that most of  
our weekend in the mountains would be spent in hikes through  
the woods ~~and doing the many activities~~ and ping-pong games  
in the lodge. Beyond the exterior arrangement of ping-pong



and nature was the growing awareness that he was there.

you are  
whole bunches

You are  
so beautiful

~~make our eighth grade retreat in our Parish hall~~  
~~we were easily separated (there were a lot of cute girls).~~

By the end of the weekend I had won 5 games of ping-pong and lost about 8. Ed, well, I lost track of him after we were ~~introduced~~ introduced to a group of girls from St. Bonaventures High School. ~~But~~ <sup>Even though he was</sup> ~~Ed~~ <sup>preoccupied</sup> with ~~the~~ girls ~~he~~ left the mountain with the same feeling that I had.

Here we had all these years exercised a legitimate amount of righteousness, having been <sup>both</sup> altar boys and boy scouts "believed" in Him (the epitome of all-american boyhood), yet we found our selves out of touch with God. <sup>Maybe</sup> what ~~the~~ <sup>had been</sup> telling us <sup>about</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>wasn't</sup> ready to try <sup>to</sup> ~~answer~~ <sup>answer</sup> that question <sup>wasn't</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>wasn't</sup> the distinct "it."

When we got to school Monday morning with our pseudo-religious feelings we ~~were~~ <sup>Ed's</sup> ~~met~~ <sup>friend</sup> with an unexpected ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~barage~~ <sup>barage</sup> of questions from a friend of Ed's, ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> Dave.

"What's that?"

"What's what?"

"That thing ~~that~~ you and Joe have on your shirt?"

"It's called an Ictus pin. It's from our retreat."

"Oh, are you guys 'Jesus Freaks' now?"

"uh..." I hesitated. ~~My~~ <sup>My</sup> ~~guarantee~~ <sup>guarantee</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~beginning~~ <sup>beginning</sup> to



His money!

"Well ~~then~~ why don't you guys just mostly on over there  
~~hang~~ with the other 'J.F.s'?"

David  
Denise

Ed and I ~~set~~ looked across the walkway at the  
Jimmy and her friends as they performed their daily ritual  
incomprehensible stringing <sup>Dislike</sup> <sup>Chin</sup> <sup>business</sup>. "They  
limit themselves by identifying ~~themselves~~ with the title  
'Jesus Freak' or 'Jesus Person'."

"That's okay, I'll pass," I <sup>quickly</sup> changed ~~the~~ to a more  
comfortable subject.

While I was able to maintain my image in front of  
Ed and my other friends I could not hide from myself  
the fact that I needed to find out more about this  
'Friend of God' stuff. ~~What I did not want to do was~~  
~~ask about God or about how this supposed to relate to our lives.~~  
I could not isolate my experience in the mountains from  
with the rest of my life like Ed was doing. It began  
to cut down on my weekly excursions to the drug store with  
Ed to <sup>read</sup> the magazines entitled "Entertainment for men."  
It got to the point that I openly confessed to Ed, "I've  
gotten quite ~~into~~ looking at this stuff." He just gave  
us a weird look and shrugged it off.  
"Whatever."

Whatever? You might be able to say whatever but I have  
got to find out what's going on.



→ while pouring over those famous magazines subtitled  
"Entertainment for men"

On days <sup>one of</sup> during our weekly excursions to the local  
drug store <sup>while</sup> ~~passing~~ <sup>by</sup> those ~~famous~~ magazines  
subtitled "Entertainment for men" I began to get a little  
disgusted with what I was doing. I confessed to Ed, "I've  
gotta quit looking at this junk." He just gave me a weird look  
and ~~struggled~~ <sup>shook off</sup> the thought.

"Whatever."

"Whatever?! You might be able to say whatever," I thought, "but  
I'm going to find out what's going on here!" I started my odyssey  
by reading the New Testament. Nice book -- the New Testament --  
but not a word of it made <sup>any</sup> sense to me, so I stopped reading  
it. It was only a matter of time until I found myself with  
Ed and the magazines again.

Around Christmas time of that year, 1973, I <sup>begin</sup> ~~started~~  
going out with a girl named Lynn. Being my first real  
relationship with a girl, I ~~had~~ ~~can~~ set my sites on getting  
as much out of this relationship as ~~possible~~ I could. So I  
told God to go away. He did not leave me.

I thought things were going rather smoothly. Then one  
~~the~~ afternoon Lynn told me: "Don't call me until after 6:00."

"How come?"

"'Cause a friend is coming over."

"Anyone I know?"

"Nope. Her name's Valerie she's a teacher for the Veho... uh...  
she's just a friend."



"Oh." I soon found out that Valerie was a Jehovah's Witness. It seems that Lynn's old boyfriend, Tim, had made Lynn promise to study for a month the Jehovah's Witness Faith. I did not know too much about the "J.W.'s" except that, according to my mom, they did not salute the flag or serve in any of the Armed Forces and that they did not think that there was enough room in <sup>heaven</sup> for everyone.

Again, these guys ... they're not telling the truth."

What do you mean?

"I don't know. they're doctrines are pretty weird. why don't you come to church with me?"

For a couple of Sundays she took me up on my offer. Unfortunately sermons <sup>on</sup> Catholic morality did not mix very well with petting in the park. And <sup>so</sup> I soon find myself making resolutions, "Okay, we'll stop screwing around." But the words did not carry any real weight.

It is not that I did not want to stop petting, because I ~~did~~. I ~~knew that her feelings were very hurt and that she~~ began to see that Legner was getting hurt. She felt used. ~~was beginning to feel~~ But this temptation coupled with the emerging growth of our sex-driven ~~and~~ these resolutions were meaningless desire to have sex. She realized this, which drew us closer together. But it did not solve our problem.

This time ~~we~~<sup>they</sup> did not turn to the Bible or the Church, ~~they~~<sup>they</sup> just existed from promise to promise. ~~we~~<sup>we</sup> were like ~~two~~<sup>a</sup> starving wanderers ~~in~~<sup>in</sup> the desert dreaming about water and only finding sand. Putting aside the fact that ~~we~~<sup>there</sup> ~~were~~<sup>was</sup> no ~~one~~<sup>one</sup> guided, the



went on.

Greg,

One evening in February I received a phone call from a friend that I had met before my retreat in <sup>October</sup> ~~September~~. He told me that I had been selected to go on a special retreat in April for people interested in giving retreats.

"Sure I'd love to go."

"Great, then I'll sign you up. By the way, are you doing anything <sup>Monday</sup> ~~Friday~~ night?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"'Cause I'd like to know if you'd want to go to a Bible study that I'm teaching at the ... Bible study, no I can't, I've got to get out at this one! ... ~~at~~ the Webber's House. You remember the Webbers, don't you?"

"~~Uh~~ ... Uh ... yeah ~~but~~ I'd love to but ... but I think I have to do dishes <sup>Monday</sup> ~~Friday~~."

"Oh."

"Sorry, maybe next time."


~~There he was again, standing at the door, letting~~ we know that He was around. The last thing that I remember telling Lynn before I left for the retreat was: "I don't know, I've just gotta live for God." I had no idea what I was saying, but it sounded <sup>right</sup> ~~okay~~ at the time.

On the retreat, the mountains, the overcast sky, the warm fireplace in the lodge set my mind at ease. Greg brought me a cup of tea and asked <sup>me</sup> ~~how~~ how it was going.



I was speechless. I ~~found myself~~ ~~was a~~ ~~observer~~  
found myself <sup>being</sup> <sup>calmness</sup> an observer, taking in the  
warmth ~~of~~ the ~~business~~ <sup>business</sup> that surrounded me. I knew <sup>that</sup> He  
was there, but I could not put my finger on it.

~~A~~ One of retreat leaders said, ~~that~~

"You need to make God more important in your life.  
Reads the Bible, spend time meditating on His word. Eventually  
instead of seeing Him as way out there, you'll see him  
kind of like at root level." 

But that was not what I wanted. I knew that there had  
to be something else to it.

Before we left the mountain, Greg again asked me if I wanted  
to go to his Bible study the following evening. This time I  
consented.

Bible

I had been to Greg's study once or twice before so I was  
fairly used to the endless guitar song singing and tongue speaking.  
I also became reacquainted with the vision's battle to stay  
awake during the Bible teaching. (The concluding prayer <sup>second</sup> ~~was~~ a  
welcome sight).

The concluding prayer this evening included various  
petitions by the people gather. The way this was done was  
that anyone that had a need would <sup>express</sup> ~~state~~ that need and then  
everyone would form a circle around that <sup>person</sup> ~~petitioner~~ laying on hands  
and praying for the person and ~~with~~ the need.

We were praying for a girl named Debbie. I joined in with



with this prayer, closing my eyes and going along with what was being said. About ~~the~~ way through the prayer I opened my eyes. Just as I opened my eyes, Greg opened his eyes and smiled at me. I ~~closed~~ <sup>immediately shut</sup> my eyes thinking "What's going on here?"

When Debbie returned to her place in the circle Greg turned to me and said: "See, the Lord spoke to my heart and said that He has power for you, power to overcome all those things that've been getting you down. Would you like to receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit?"

The timing was perfect. "Sure," <sup>I said.</sup> For the next fifteen or so minutes they petition God to <sup>send</sup> His Spirit. <sup>The shepherd approached us.</sup> A cup of cool water was pressed against my lips and a moist towel placed on my parched ~~throat~~ <sup>throat</sup>. I now knew.

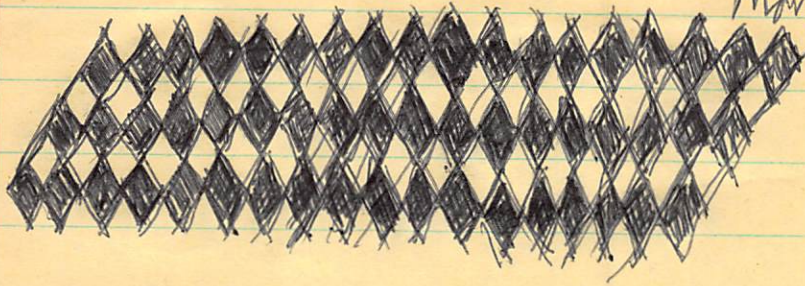
"No longer do I call you slaves; for the slave does not know what his master is doing; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard from my Father I have made known to you."

John 15: -15

The shepherd approached ~~me~~ in the wilderness and pressed a wooden ladder filled with cool water against my lips while wiping the sand from my feet. I now knew.



March 27, 1978



substance - felt reality

1<sup>st</sup> piece: subject found in middle - - RT  
2<sup>nd</sup> " : subject known in beginning - but  
dances around it.

March 29, 1978



Legend has it that my oldest sister, ~~Kathie~~ <sup>KATHERINE</sup>, when she was but a young lass desired to play the accordian. Being an only child at the time her request was immediately fulfilled by my father. But it soon came to pass that "Lady Katherine" did not desire music any longer. So a decree was passed and heralded by my father that he would no longer make any monetary contributions to our musical aspirations.

Well, many years passed and I soon found myself enrolled in Linda Vista Elementary school's fifth grade class. And as fate would have it, Linda Vista was beginning to develop a music program.

"Hey mom, can I play the drums?"

Never having experienced the melodic unity of a heart-felt song, nor the rhythmic pulsations of the glorious percussion instrument, my mother's reply was a firm but loving, "NO WAY!!!"

I was not persistent with my request, that was the way my folks had brought me up. So I shouldered my destiny while my best-friend, Ed, excelled in the musical arts and I was left to sing harmony with A.M. radio rock-stars.

My mom crept across the darkened bedroom and turned off my radio. I had fallen asleep with it on. When she was gone I rolled over and turned it back on. In past ~~sex~~ <sup>six</sup> years I had switched from A.M. radio and Led Zepplin, to the F.M. variety and "Jesus Rock."

Ed had experienced the rise and fall of his musical career. And I was beginning to witness the awakening of mine. Needless to say, the atmosphere in which my music was received while not



being openly hostile was nonetheless cold. But this was not because my music was poor not that my music caused my father to become poor. It was because my music stood as a symbol of a realm of existence that I had become a part of. A realm that neither my family nor friends understood and therefore abhorred.

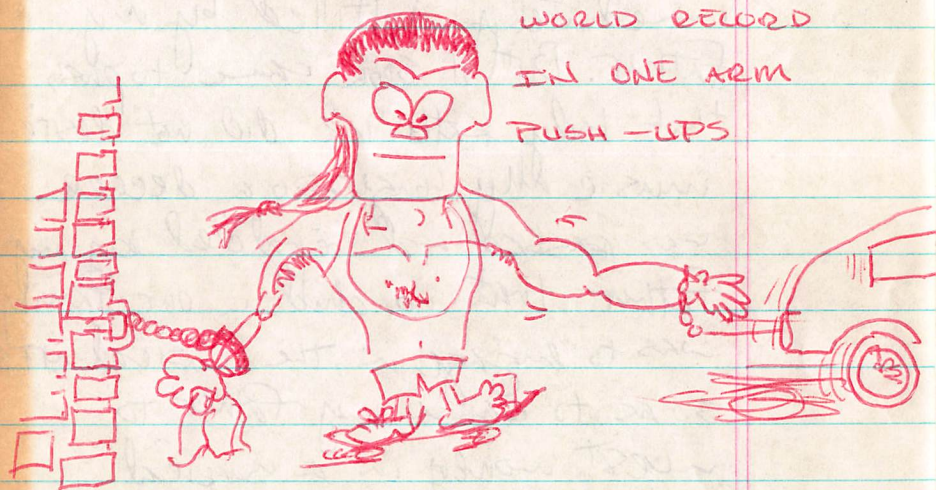


Legend has it that my oldest sister, Kathy, when <sup>she was</sup> ~~but~~ a young lass desired to play a ~~musical~~ the accordion. Being ~~the~~ <sup>an</sup> only child at the time her request was immediately fulfilled by my father. But it soon came to pass that lady Katherine did not desire music any longer. So a decree was passed and heralded by my father that no child in our family was to engage in the musical arts so as to cause my father to invest money in a musical instrument.

Well many years passed and I soon found myself enrolled in Linda Vista Elementary school's 5<sup>th</sup> grade class. And as fate would have it, Linda Vista was beginning to develop a music



I SET THE  
WORLD RECORD  
IN ONE ARM  
PUSH-UPS





program:

"Hey mom, can I play the drums?"

~~Never~~ Never having experienced the  
melodic unity of ~~the~~<sup>a</sup> heart-felt  
Song with the ~~signature~~<sup>rhythmic</sup> pulsations

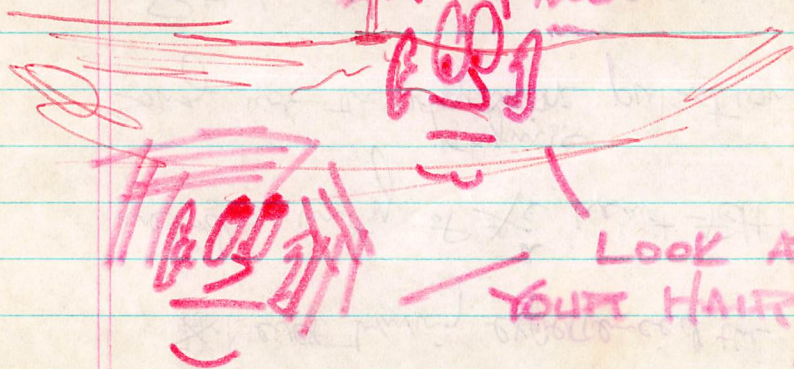
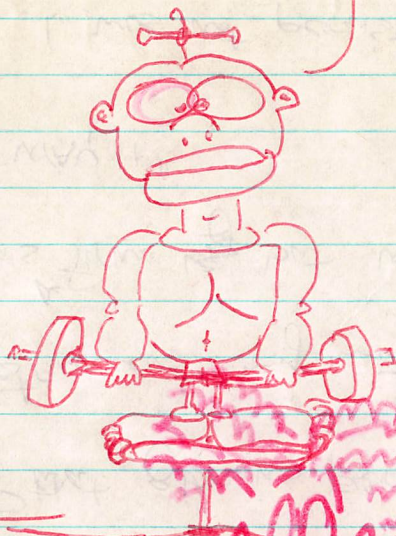
That glorious percussion  
instrument my mother's reply  
was firm ~~by~~<sup>a</sup> but loving: "NO  
WAY!!"

I was not persistent with  
my request having now learned



Hi LA  
"MASSA"

HE'S  
DEFINITELY  
NOT  
A TRUMPET  
PLAYER



LOOK AT  
YOUR HAIR!!



of the aforementioned decree.

So I shouldered my destiny  
~~DEED~~  
while my best friend, <sup>R</sup> excelled in  
the musical arts and I was left  
to sing harmony with A.M. Radio  
rock-stars.

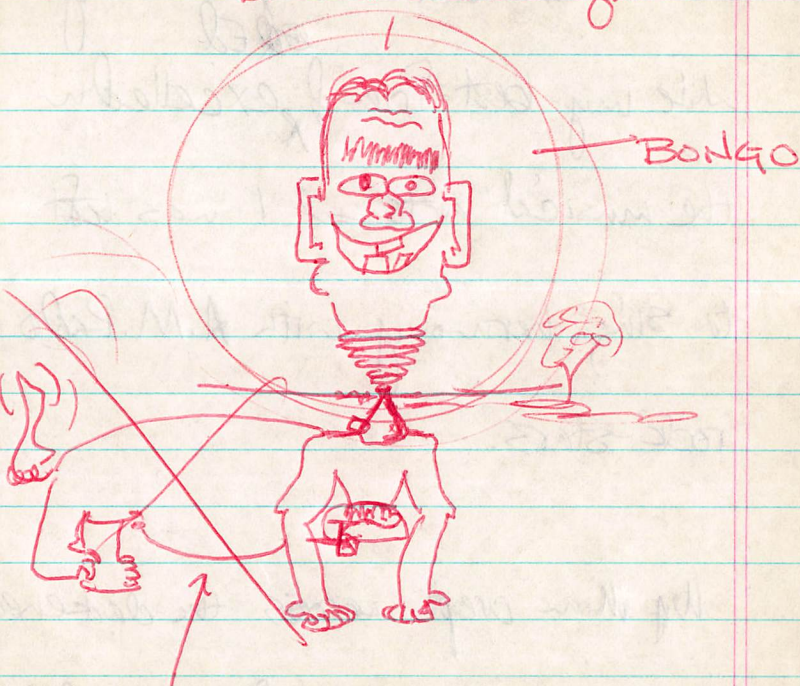
My Mom crept across the darkened  
bedroom and turned off my radio.

I had fallen asleep with it on.

<sup>Six</sup>  
~~Over the past five~~ years I had



I chewed one to many  
bills & bubble-gum



HE JUST ATE



~~switched from AM radio to  
the F.M. variety and from <sup>led</sup>  
reppin  
~~Zip~~ to a thing called Jesus  
Rock or Contemporary Christian~~

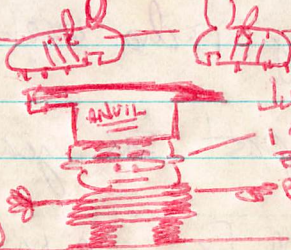
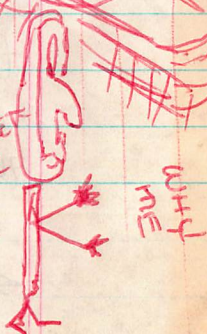
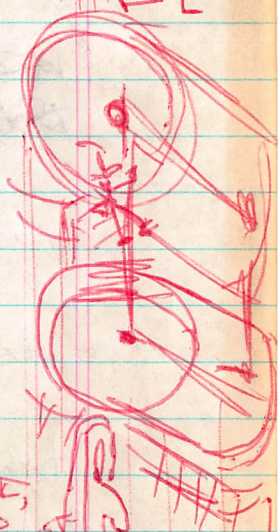
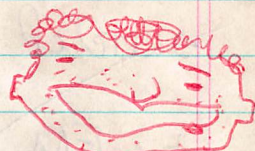
~~music.~~  
~~After~~ <sup>As</sup> she left the room & I opened  
and when  
one eye ~~to make sure~~ that she  
was gone. ~~Then~~ I rolled over and  
turned my radio back on. In  
the ~~past~~ past six years I had  
switched from A.M. radio and



Hi MY NAME IS

~~FLY~~ -- FLY ME!

WHAT A TIME  
~~TO~~ TO GET GAS!



JUST THINK,  
I USED TO  
BE A BASKET  
BALL PLAYER



led Zeppini to the FM. variety and  
Jesse's Rock. My ~~friend~~ <sup>Ed</sup> from the  
~~Fifth grade~~ had experienced  
the rise and ~~the~~ fall of his  
musical career (he was ~~beginning~~

to spend <sup>his</sup> ~~my~~ time with

musical work ~~with~~ with girls

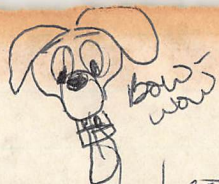
And as we ~~begin~~ <sup>passed</sup> to ~~cross~~ the

midpoint in our ~~high~~ school

years he and I became more  
and more distant.

And I was beginning to  
retreat  
the our ~~interior~~ <sup>interior</sup>





~~But if I lost ~~one~~ my best  
my relationship w/  
friend because of ~~them~~, I was  
also to gain one.~~

Needless to say, the ~~ext~~ atmosphere  
in which my music was received

while not being openly hostile was  
nonetheless cold. But this was not

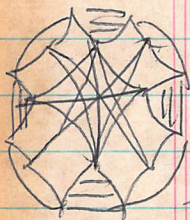
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music ~~brought~~ a real



that I had been brought into  
of existence <sup>neither</sup> that my friends  
friends nor my parents  
understood and therefore  
abandoned.



~~As a sophomore in high school~~  
~~I applied myself to ~~becoming~~~~  
~~becoming the moral person that~~  
~~would be acceptable to my~~  
~~parents and more important~~  
~~to God. But in the process~~



## Music -

- communication
- emotional outlet
- comforter
- companion

## Intro

### ① Background

A. History -

B. Experience -

} Family

### ② Birth

A. Uncovering treasure (unintended discovery)

B. A-E-D (majors & minors)

C. Lyric & Country music

### ③ Changes

A. Seals & Crofts & the world

B. "Do You Know The Lord"

- Jimmy & James Taylor

- "LIVE AT THE BIRD'S NEST"

- PAUL & KELLY & "THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT"



"Lynna, let me show you something."

"okay." I ran downstairs to my room, ~~all~~ got my ~~guitar~~ guitar (vintage c. 1967 -- looked about 1867) and ran back into the kitchen.

"I wrote a song last night; ~~but~~ I want share of you. It about the Lord

"~~okay~~ great! let's hear it"

"~~okay~~ let's see" I struggled to get my fingers to form the first chord. Lynna looked a little more patient.

In came a man with dust on his feet  
his shoes were worn, he'd been walking the street.

By his appearance, a carpenter's son,  
you'd call him poor, the world called him dirty.  
With his hands out stretched he'd ask for some wine,  
or maybe a stool, or a spot of your time.

But with no gold in hand nor apparel, a white  
wrist said no and remained in the night.

But <sup>to</sup> those who by grace said yes to his call  
gave him the truth which is to save all,  
oh that truth which is to save all.

<sup>no</sup> Do you know the Lord?

Do you know the Lord?

Oh, do you know the Lord?"



It was not that she didn't like me  
singing about the lord. She had become a  
Christian shortly after seeing my own conversion.  
It was ~~that~~ she had also taken guitar lessons for two years  
and knew a good song when she heard one.

I had not taken  
guitar lessons.

There was a ~~bit of~~ a pause ~~to~~ and then,  
"... ah... that's nice."

She was ~~not~~ not impressed. <sup>But</sup> what could I do?  
I ~~did not~~ that it was ~~that~~ bad, maybe the chord changes  
were a little slow and <sup>maybe</sup> my voice cracked a few times  
but it ~~was~~ really <sup>was</sup> not a bad song.

"You better put that thing away or we'll be late for  
school" Nope, I don't think that she was  
impressed.

~~bro~~ Later that day I shared the song with  
a friend named Jim. ~~He~~ he became a Christian  
a few months before I became <sup>one</sup> a Christian. And  
when Ed ~~and~~ and I drifted apart (Ed could not  
understand my interest in "religion"), Jim  
became my best friend. He had played ~~as~~  
bass guitar in a rock and roll band before becoming  
a Christian so I looked up to him as a musical  
authority.

Thanks.  
→ But, "That's pretty good" <sup>what?</sup> <sup>And</sup> "you know I don't think  
cause she ~~holds~~ holds a grudge."

"come on bro."

"No really! I think it's cause she <sup>feels</sup> jealous cause  
she ~~tried~~ tried for all those months to get me to play



1  
sister but ~~it~~ didn't really ~~work~~. Then <sup>one night</sup> ~~brooks~~ at  
one of my dad's friend's ~~parties~~ <sup>house</sup>. and this ~~guy's~~  
daughter taught me about six chords ~~that~~ <sup>over</sup>  
night."

"I don't know bro."

"well, ~~make~~ anyway that's that. So ~~what~~  
~~what's been~~ <sup>what's</sup> been happenin' over here?"

"~~Last~~ <sup>last</sup> night I went to the Adams' Fellowship.  
He's really heavy, ~~he~~ <sup>Mike</sup> thought out at the book of  
~~study~~ Galatians..."

Jim and I ~~soon~~ became close friends.

we ~~started~~ shared with each other ~~the~~ experiences  
of growing up w/ our relation with Jesus, <sup>our</sup> our  
frustrations <sup>telling our peers about</sup> in ~~this~~ <sup>this</sup> ~~exp~~ relationship, and  
and our new found talents in songwriting.



IDEA.

For a while I songwriting formed  
out of a necessity of ~~the~~ expressing ~~at~~  
our feelings and having songs to sing.  
There were no songs that we had  
access to that we could ~~be~~ getting into  
lyrically. So slowly, almost subconsciously  
up, we began to write ~~our first~~ songs.  
~~At~~ At first the words were trite and the  
melody monotonous.

"The world maybe dying  
and soon will be dead, <sup>night</sup>  
you know folks are blowing their minds  
you know folks are blowing their minds in the head.  
maybe the sky  
is not sparkling blue  
with ~~stars~~ water the air will come down with  
sun till



"One cup to the coming up!"

"One cup to the coming up!"

Dad's ~~parents~~ sat down on the bench next to Jim's ~~father's~~ upright-out-of-tune piano. The late afternoon sun was cutting its way into <sup>the</sup> already warm living room. Next to the piano was the Amp to Jim's bass guitar. Jim had played in rock and roll band before becoming a Christian. He also became my best friend ~~when I became a Christian,~~ partly because Ed ~~could not~~ ~~did not~~ ~~understand~~ my religiosity after I became a Christian. He handed me my

my religiosity after I became a Christian. He handed me my tea then. "You came to start some music?" He sat down ~~and~~ planted himself down on the living room's red and rust shag carpet. This house with its dark warm feeling <sup>always</sup> gave me a pleasant "lived-in" feeling.



"Lynn, let me show you something."

"Okay." I ran down stairs to my room, got my ~~decaying~~ classical guitar and ran back into the kitchen.

"I wrote a song last night that I want to share with you. It's about the Lord."

"Great! Let's hear it."

"Let's see." I struggled to get my fingers to form the first chord. Lynn looked a little impatient.

"In came a man with dust on his feet,

his shoes were worn, he'd been walking the street.

By his appearance, a carpenter's son,

you'd call him poor, the world called him dung.

With his hands outstretched he'd ask for some wine,

or maybe a stool, or a spot of your time.

But with no gold in hand nor apparel of white

he often heard 'em say "no," they remained in the night.

But to those who by grace said "yes" to his call,

gave he the truth which is to save all,

oh that truth which is to save all.

Do you know the Lord?

Do you know the Lord?

Oh, do you know the Lord?"



There was a pause and then "...Ah ... that's nice."

I knew it! She was not impressed. It was not that she did not like me singing about the Lord; She had become a Christian shortly after seeing my conversion. It was that she had previously taken ~~two years of~~ guitar lessons for two years and knew a good song when she heard one. But what could I do? I never took <sup>any</sup> guitar lessons. I mean, maybe the chord changes were a little slow and maybe my voice cracked a few times but it really was not a bad song.

"You better put that thing away or we'll be late for school." Nope, I don't think that she was impressed.

~~Later that day~~ I shared the song with a friend named ~~him~~. After school, and before my mom came home from work, I ~~scooped~~ grabbed my old guitar and scooted to his house. This old guitar has a pretty interesting heritage. A distant (that is, kissing) cousin one summer gave it to my ~~dear~~ sister, Kathie. She cherished the fine instrument placing it in ~~a~~ a corner of her room to gather <sup>dust</sup> and <sup>lint</sup> and ~~dust~~ it to be used occasionally as a bulletin board, pushing hard steel thumbtacks through its fragile body. It was one of the first authentic musical instruments to make its way into our house since Kathie's ~~accordin~~ days. So my younger <sup>brother</sup> and I ~~I~~ could often



rescue the varnished dandelion from my sister's clutches  
to stroke her <sup>fine</sup> nylon strings and pretend to be Cosby, Stills,  
Nash, and Young. But soon, due to no known circumstances,  
the fake young maiden began to ~~lose~~ <sup>lose</sup> her strings in  
no orderly manner. ~~And~~ And finally when she was down  
to one single string she was exiled to my closet.

~~Three weeks, perhaps a month or so, and having turned later~~  
~~that~~ The next time that she saw light was when she  
was confiscated without my knowing by Lynn. ~~I had learned~~  
~~some six chords & had one night at a party that~~ ~~so~~  
I ~~secretly~~ ~~started~~ ~~playing~~ ~~the~~ ~~guitar~~. ~~I~~ I had <sup>just</sup> ~~learned~~  
some chords so Lynn took ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> guitar to my faithful  
guitar to ~~repair~~ repair her cracked back, replace  
her missing strings and bent keys. A week following  
her mysterious (though unnoticed) disappearance  
Lynn presented me with this <sup>shiny</sup> beautiful classical guitar  
that had once been my ~~my~~ pitted musical partner.  
I was amazed;

And so was him when he found me at  
his door with my lovely guitar.

"How you doing bro?"

"Oh, pretty good." I walked across the entrance  
of the house <sup>&</sup> into his living, tripping over dirty  
clothes. Jim went into the kitchen.

"Can I get you something?"



"Yeah, I'll <sup>join you in a</sup> ~~make~~ cup of tea."

"One cup of tea coming up!"

The ~~later~~ afternoon sunlight was cutting ~~it~~ its way into the already warm living room. I sat down on the ~~the~~ piano bench next to Jim's Dad's old upright piano. Next to the piano, in the corner, was Jim's amplifier to his bass guitar. It had a shiny lotus (fish) sticker on it. Jim had been involved in the rock and roll scene before ~~becoming~~ becoming a Christian. Not too long after that he also became my best friend; partly because Ed did not want <sup>do</sup> anything to with me or my religion after I became a Christian.

"You come to share some music?"

"Yep." This house with its dark-warmness always gave ~~the~~ me a pleasant "lived-in" feeling. He came in from the kitchen with <sup>two cups of</sup> ~~my~~ tea and his dad's 11-string Gibson guitar (it was always missing a string). Handing me my tea he plopped down on the living room's red and rust shag carpeting. "Well then, go for it."